1076.l.16 8

# A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

CONTAINING

1. Tibby Fowler, as Sung in the Newcaſtle Theatre.
2. The Golden Glove, with the Anſwer.
3. The Conſtant Maid.
4. The Inſulted Sailor, as Sung in the Newcaſtle Theatre.

# TIBBY FOWLER,

## *As Sung in the* Newcaſtle Theatre.

TIBBY FOWLER oe'r the brae,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Tibby Fowler o'er the brae,
there's oe'r mony wooing at her,
courting at her, wooing at her,
ſeeking at her, canna get her,
filthy elf its for her pelf,
That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten came eaſt, and ten came weſt,
And ten came rowing o'er the water;
Twa gaid down the lang dyke ſide,
There's twa and thirty wooing at her,
Courting at her, &c.

Fye upon the filthy ſnort,
There's oe'r mony wooing at her;
Fifteen came frae Aberdeen,
There's ſeven and forty wooing at her,
Courting at her, &c.

Be a laſſie ne'er ſo fine,
Gin ſhe want a penny ſiller,
She may live till ninety-nine,
Ere ſhe gets a man till her,
Courting at her,

Be a laſſie ne'er ſo black,
Gie her the name of meikle ſiller;
And ſet her on a hill top,
The wind will blaw a man till her,
Courting at her, &c.

She got pendels to her lugs,
Cockle ſhells wad ſet her better,
High heel ſhoon, and ſiller ſtuds,
And a' the lads are courting at her,
Courting at her, &c.

In come Frank wie his lang legs,
Gard a' the ſtairs play clitter clatter,
Had awa young men he begs,
For be my ſooth I will be at her,
Courting at her, &c,

---

## The Golden Glove

A wealthy young ſquire in Tanworth we hear,
Courted a nobleman's daughter ſo fair,
And then for to marry was all her intent,
All friends and relations did give him conſent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A farmer was choſen the fathar to be;
But as ſoon as the lady the famrer did ſpy,
It inflamed her heart, O my heart ſhe did cry

She turn'd from the ſquire but nothing ſhe ſaid
Inſtead of being married ſhe went to a bed,
O the thoughts of the farmer did run in her mind,
And the way for to have him ſhe quickly did find,

Coat waiſtcoat and breeches ſhe then did put on,
A hunting ſhe went with her dog and her gun,
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Becauſe in her heart ſhe lov'd him full well,

She hunted all day but nothing ſhe kill'd
At length the young farmer came into the field,
O then to diſcourſe with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him ſhe went,

I thought you had been at the wedding ſhe cries,
For to wait on the ſquire and give him his bride
No, no, ſays the farmer if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well,

Suppoſe the lady ſhould grant you her love,
You know that the ſquire your ruin will prove;
O then ſays the farmer I'll take ſword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her my life's at command,

The lady was pleaſ'd to hear him ſo bold.
She gave him a glove that was flowred with gold,
She told him ſhe found it as coming along,
As ſhe was hunting with a dog and a gun,

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
And gave out a ſpeech that ſhe loſt her glove,
And he that doth find it and bring it to me,
That man that doth find it his bride will I be,

This pleaſed the farmer to hear of the news,
With his heart full of joy to the lady he goes;
Dear honoured lady I picked up your glove,
And if you are pleaſed to grant me your love.

It is already granted the lady replied,
For I love the ſweet breath of a farmer ſhe cried
I'll be miſtreſs of dairy and milk all the cows.
While my jolly young farmer is whiſtling at plow.

## The Anſwer.

THE ſquire he returned in a furious mood,
Swearing to be revenged of the farmer's blood,
But fortune to the farmer has proved moſt kind,
Diſappointed the ſquire of his cruel deſign,

The ſquire and the farmer by chance did meet,
Says the ſquire to the farmer you are undiſcreat,
For taking from me my ſweet lovely bride,
You ſhall either fight me or die by my ſide.

With all my whole heart the farmer did cry,
To fight for my jewel I'll never deny,
So to work with vigour they inſtantly went,
But the ſquire he yielded gave the farmer content.

And now they are married in great ſplendour we here,
Now he poſſeſes nine thouſand by year:
With his beautiful lady and likewiſe his hall,
He has men maid and ſervents all at his call;

Here's a health to the plow-boys my lady did cry;
I am wed to a plowman I'll never deny,
Because they are men of honour and that we are sure,
Because they labour for both rich and poor,

After the wedding she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with a dog and a gun,
But now I have catched him so fast in my snare
I'll enjoy him for ever I vow and declare.

---

## *The Constant Maid.*

THrough Moorfields by Bedlam I went,
I heard a young Virgin full sore to lament
She was wringing her hands and tearing her hair
Crying O! cruel parents you are too severe,

As thus for to banish my true love away,
Which causes me in Bedlem to sing and to say,
Sure never parents were so cross and unkind
As to cause their own daughter thus to be confind,

Because my love was your 'prentice you know,
You have sent him away which is my overthrow
Which cruel base actions causes me to complain,
And the loss of my love has distracted my brain,

Kind heaven protect him wherever he be
And ſend him ſafe home from the raging ſalt ſea,
The walls of Bedlem he ſoon ſhall break thro,
For to have me which is his right and his due,

Twice curſ'd be the minute thrice curſ'd be the day,
That ever they ſent my true love away,
May torments and tortures attend on their breaſt
To partake all my Sorrows, they'll never have reſt

O that they feel now the ſorrows I bear,
For him who they've uſed ſo hard and ſo ſevere;
Tho' I now in ſtraw and in chains do lie down,
May heaven protect my dear joy on the main.

If fate unto me ſhould pleaſe to be kind,
To direct me to my love, by a proſperous wind,
That I from my chains may be free once more,
Which ne'er can be done till my jewel come o'er,

And if that I live for to ſee that bleſſed day
Then every month unto me will ſeem to be May:
From now and till then I ne'er happy ſhall be,
Till my love, the ſilk mercer, returns home to me.

---

## *The Inſulted Sailor.*

WHEN my money was ſpent I had gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate;

What matter'd my zeal, and my honour'd ſcars,
When indifference ſtood at each gate; [lin'd,
The face that would ſmile when my purſe was well
Shew'd a different aſpect to me,
And when I could not but in gratitude find,
Then I hiy'd me again to the ſea;

I thought it unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cool look on the ſhore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle alas was my ſtore;
A handkerchief held all the treaſures I had,
On a ſtick o'er my ſhoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather ſad
To join with ſome ſhip's jovial crew.

The ſea was leſs troubled by far then my mind,
And when the wide main I ſurvey'd
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a ſlippery jaid,
Then I vow'd if once more, I could take her in tow,
I would let thoſe ungrateful ones ſee.
That the turbulent winds and the billows could ſhow,
More kindneſs then they had to me.

10 JU 52

FINIS.